HOT TIMES IN NEW CANAAN

THERE'S A BLUE-LAW ROW ON UP THERE AND IT'S LIVELY.

Sam Raymond, the Borough Officer, Made Those Arrests, but He Has Painted His Wagon and Fixed a Pumpon Sunday—The Rev. Mr. Greer's Green Corn and Arnold's Root Beer Come In, and So Does Deacon Silliman, and the Citizens Suffer.

NEW CANAAN, Conn., Aug. 16.—The Connecticut blue laws have been boosted into prominence again. This time it is in the village of New Canaan, which, during the summer season, boasts of 500 additional population, most of it coming from New York. This additional population is going to catch it if the boosters of the blue laws don't let up. Among the men who are threatened with arrest are the Rev. Dr. Greer, pastor of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church in Madison avenue, the Rev. William Neide of New York, Dr. Parker, a physician of New York, and others who are well known.

New Canaan, like every village of its size, has citizens who want to see Sunday observed. That is, they want barber shops, and butcher shops, and news stands, and milk stores closed at a reasonable hour in the morning. Also, like nearly every village of its size, New Canaan has zealous officers of the law, and a row sometimes results, in which even the greater number of citizens who want Sunday observed, side with the wicked element. The trouble in New Cannan began a few weeks ago with the publication of the following notice in the local newspaper:

NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern: The business men of New Canaan are very respectfully and earnestly requested to close their places of business from Saturday night at 12 o'clock until 12 o'clock Monday morning on and after Aug. 12, 1894. This will give ample time for notification to Sunday customers. Very respectfully,

E. L. ARNOLD, Grand Juror.

This is the statute law concerning the observance of the Sabbath and the duty of Grand Jurors.

Every person who shall do any secular business or labor except work of necessity or mercy, or keep open any shop, warehouse, or manufacturing or mechanical establishment, or expose any property for sale, or engage in any sport or recreation on Sunday between sunrise and sunset, shall be fined not more than $4 nor less than $1.

The Grand Jurors of the several towns shall diligently inquire after and make due complaint of all crimes and misdemeanors that shall come to their knowledge. Any Grand Juror who, after he is sworn, shall wilfully and corruptly neglect to make reasonable complaint which, under this section, it is his duty to make, of any crime or misdemeanor committed in the town where he lives, shall forfeit the sum of $2 to him who shall sue therefor.

Aug. 12 was last Sunday. Three citizens were arrested. One was fined $4.91; another, $5.16; and the third, $6.51. Warrants are out for others, and complaints are made against others, and threats about next Sunday are thicker than grasshoppers in haying time. This being the condition of affairs, it is little wonder that yesterday, when several New York newspaper men came to town, they were greeted with great joy, and that when they departed it was amid exclamations of "Soak it to 'em, now," "Give 'em a good one, mister," and "Hit 'em in th' neck, they got no friends." Joy on their arrival manifested itself in immediate confidence bestowed by citizens—confidence so close that citizens desired to be called by their front names. The use of front names, therefore, must not lead to the conclusion that there is any undue familiarity.

Mr. L. E. Arnold, the man who is chiefly responsible for all the row, is a member of the Grand Jury. In Connecticut, Grand Jurors serve one year, and, as will be seen by the extract of the law printed above, they are a sort of complaining officer. Mr. Arnold is 75 years old. He used to make root beer. Mr. Sam Raymond, the man next chiefly responsible, is the borough officer, whose place in most communities is denoted town constable. He is about 30 years old, has innocent, blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and a general air of goodness. Among other things, he mends umbrellas and pumps. The men who have been arrested so far are William Patterson, barber; Frank Burkle, butcher, and Stephen E. Foscoe, newsdealer. The men against whom there are complaints are all the other newsdealers, a collection of liverymen, bakers, butchers, milkmen, ice-cream dealers, and druggists. The complaints against the summer residents are yet to be made. All those arrested and all those to be arrested talked yesterday, and so did fifty citizens against whom there are no complaints, the consensus of opinion being that the Rev. J. H. Hoyt, pastor of the Congregational Church, was chief of the force behind Grand Juror Arnold. It was related at a recent meeting of the Band of Hope, connected with Mr. Hoyt's church, the pastor made a red-hot attack on Sunday newspapers, and in order to show that he meant it he went right off to the village and ordered his newsdealer to discontinue the Sunday paper that had been delivered at his home for many years. The Band of Hope applauded the action.

But these stories are best told by the people of New Canaan in their own way. Justice Joseph F. Silliman being the honored representative of the judiciary of the town, and also representing the law-abiding element, may start.

"Now, let me tell you," he said, "the whole amount of it is just here. This town was getting to be a disgrace to the people that lived in it. Here strangers would come to it of a Sunday and they'd look around, and seeing all the stores open, they'd ask what kind of a town is it. Everything was running until noon. Newsboys were going around, the barber shop was open, and men were getting shaved; the butcher shop was open and people were getting meat, and—and, well the whole amount of it was it was a disgrace. Now, beginning there, you don't suppose, do you, that that sort of thing could last? No, of course it couldn't, an' what happened? Why, just this. Somebody, presumably some of our best citizens, got ashamed of it, an' they went to the Grand Juror, an' the Grand Juror come to me, an' I issued the warrants, an' Sam Raymond served 'em, an' I fined the men, as it was my duty. There's the thing in a nutshell. What's going to be done in the future? Why, that's been done in the past. Everybody that violates the law unreasonably is to be arrested and punished, I suppose. That is, for a time. These people aren't cranks, but they're going to git a compromise, and close the town at 9 o'clock of a Sunday morning. That'll be the wind up, I'm a church deacon, and I know how the feeling is."

With this solid foundation of the story, the reporters wandered down the street to the hotel, where they found the proprietor and Jakey Raymond. The proprietor expressed deep and strong sentiments. But they were expressed everywhere, so it isn't necessary to quote him. Jakey said:

"Say, sock 'em, won't you? Just sock 'em once for me. No, they ain't touched me, but I want 'em socked. I haven't got any faith in these fellows, an' I was saying to Deacon Silliman this morning; say, Deacon, what d'you mean, by selling corn to the Rev. Dr. Greer an' cutting it on Sunday an' sending it up t' his house on Sunday? 'What do you mean,' says I, 'an' then going and fining Billy Patterson for shaving on Sunday,' says I.

"Did the Judge really cut corn on Sunday and send it to the Rev. Dr. Greer?"

"Did he? Say. He told me so himself, an' I seen him cuttin' it, and I tells him that he needn't send mine till Monday, because I didn't want t'git arrested. Now, I'll tell you the whole trouble here. There's been a drought in this here country and there hasn't been any umbrellas t'mend. Well, that'd make Sam Raymond shy, wouldn't it? Then the root beer business has been mighty bad since the news stands stopped taking it of old man Arnold, and that 'od make him shy, wouldn't it? Then it's plain the hard times is responsible, an' they're dividing us citizens up amongst 'em. I've got a bottle of carbolic acid in my pocket and I'd like to poke it into Arnold. He's a nice fellow to do this, ain't he? Why, say, he made a root beer—listen now, this is plain fact—he made a root beer that was the crickiest root beer ever made. It was full of corn and hops, and if it didn't set people drinkin' you can shoot me. As I was sayin', if it had had a been wet, so as umbrellas would been handy, and if the root beer business had been fair, this never would a-happened."

By the time Jakey had finished everybody in town knew that strangers were around after information, and they gathered in public places and whispered. There was a crowd right outside Barber Patterson's shop when THE SUN reporter got there. They were pointing at a notice stuck up in the window. It read:

NOTICE.

Owing to the high price of board and the scarcity of first-class accommodation in Bridgeport jail this shop will be closed Sundays on and after Aug. 12.

"Is this Mr. William Patterson?" asked the reporter of the man inside who was shaving a customer.

"That's it, sir, more commonly called Billy Patterson, and recently hit," was the response. "You come from New York, don't you? I thought so. You must know this man Arnold, that is the Grand Juror. Why, say, he was the man that introduced Sunday papers in this town. He used to charge ten cents a piece for them. Now he goes to work and pulls the places. What do you think of that? And, Sam Raymond. Why, it's commonly rumored around town that a week ago Sunday he spent the whole day mending a pump up at Parson Merrill's place. What d'you think of him? He came in here on Sunday. I kind a suspected what he was after. He didn't get shaved, but he looked around and went out. I know on Tuesday when I saw him coming what he was after, so I just slid out of the way till he was gone to keep him from getting the pizen. Then I went and gave myself up. The thing that makes me sore is that he got 'em. He charged me 50 cents for having the warrant, 50 cents for going to court, 50 cents for being a witness, and, say, I don't remember the rest, but it cost 49½ shaves, and Sunday was a d-u-l-l day."

"Do you really mean to say that Mr. Raymond worked all a Sunday mending a pump?"

"Sech fuss! I did just thang, and he made a damn-bad-job of it too, because it didn't draw after he fixed it. Now I don't think I'm guilty. For last Sunday every customer that came in to be shaved I asked him: 'Is it a work of necessity, sir? Must you be shaved?' and every one said it was. So I thought I was within the law. I'd a fought this case if it hadn't been for my wife and daughter. They worked on me till I gave it up. I don't know yet what I'll do next Sunday. I hate t' feed those fellows, and yet I hate to be stepped on."

A concert of voices from the crowd without said: "Soak 'em," at this juncture.

"Yes," said Billy Patterson, reflectively, "but what I don't understand is this: New, this Arnold, he came down town this morning and he said to Dickerson, the news dealer's clerk, 'You keep open next Sunday until you sell your papers and then close up. It'll be all right.' Ain't that discrimination? What business had he to make that promise?"

"Soak 'em," said the voices again.

"There he is, there he is now," said Billy Patterson suddenly pointing across the street. "There's Sam Raymond, that fellow with a blue shirt."

Sam Raymond was just going into Deacon Silliman's store to buy a pound of wire nails.

"Well," he said to the reporter's greeting, and the Deacon remarked in an undertone:

"Don't let him phaze you, Sam."

"Well," said Raymond, "I made the arrests, as it was my duty to do, an' I propose keeping on."

"They say you charged Butcher Burkle 50 cents extra in his fine for waiting. Is that so?"

"Certainly. The Judge told him he had the right to appeal, and he wanted time to think about it. He was in my charge. It took him a long time to make up his mind, and I charged him 50 cents for waiting. Besides, I was abused by his father and mother. They said they'd break my neck or catch me out some time and wind me up."

"How about mending a pump on Sunday?"

"I did it. That's a work of necessity. It was a case of the biler bursting or getting the pump mended."

During this talk some of the crowd had come into the store to listen. Jakey Raymond was one, and he demanded:

"How about paintin' that red wagon a-Sunday, Sam Raymond?"

"I know who told you that," retorted Sam. "It was J. A. Raymond, and—it's a lie."

"What's a poor man that can't buy ice going to do to keep his roast beef over Saturday night?" demanded another. "It's discrimination against the poor."

"A man that won't got money enough to keep his beef on ice ain't rich enough to afford to eat beef," said Sam.

"It's discrimination," retorted another.

"You know very well, Si," said Sam, "that he can cook it Saturday night and eat it cold, can't he? An' codfish don't spile, nor ham, nor salt pork, do they?"

"You never heard of such a thing as keeping it down a well, did you?" asked the Deacon, coming to Sam's rescue, and the reporter asked:

"Are you going to close up everything next Sunday?"

"Everything? Yes, and the butchers have got to deliver their meat on Saturday night."

"The poor won't have any ice to keep it on," said one in the crowd.

"It's discrimination," said another again. "It's to keep the poor from having roast beef."

"That's politics, that's what that is," said Sam. "I took notice that the poor didn't have any trouble having roast beef when the Republicans were in, and they ain't had any lately."

"Is cutting green corn on Sunday a work of necessity?" was the next question asked.

"I didn't collect any evidence," said Sam. "I only came down Sunday to satisfy my curiosity."

"I take notice," said some one, "that only the places you satisfied your curiosity about were pulled."

"Sock 'em," said another; "that was a good one."

"You can't phase him," said the deacon somewhat proudly.

"How about that corn that you pulled on Sunday for Dr. Greer, Deacon Silliman?" demanded a citizen.

"Yes-s," drawled the Deacon, "there are plenty of stories; why they even say I sell milk on Sunday."

"It's all right raising these questions," said Sam Raymond, "but we are here to enforce the law, and law is law, and when it's law it's to be enforced. There ain't any use kicking at us."

"What do you discriminate for? Why don't you arrest all the violators?" was the next interrogatory demand.

"They're all coming," said Sam, "there's complaints against all of 'em."

What Billy Patterson had said about Mr. Arnold's visit to Dickerson's news stand was repeated to Reynolds.

"Well," he said, "he hadn't any business to say that. What right had he got to interpret the law? Why, why—" Sam Reynolds ended with the assertion that he didn't believe that Grand Juror Arnold had ever said it, and if he had he had violated the law and might be prosecuted.

"There are other Grand Jurors," volunteered the Deacon.

Grand Juror Arnold spent the day in Norwalk getting advice about how far he could go in the matter of prosecution. He had it when the reporter reached his house. "The—law—says," said Mr. Arnold slowly and distinctly, "that—all—occupation—not—occupations—of—necessity are—secular—an'—illegal. That—being—so—they—are—punishable."

"How about mending pumps on Sunday?" demanded one.

"And painting wagons?" demanded another.

"Who did it?" asked Mr. Arnold.

"Sam Raymond," came the answer in concert.

"If that is so, and if anybody makes a complaint, I'll have to investigate it," said Mr. Arnold.

"They say you introduced Sunday newspapers in town," said the reporter.

"I did," said Mr. Arnold, "and I'm in favor of 'em now. Go ask Dickerson's man what I told him."

"Constable Raymond says you can be prosecuted for what you said."

"Did, did he. Yes, and Billy Patterson says he'll make me arrest everybody or sue and get $2 apiece. I just want to say that people that live in glass houses have got no call to throw stones. Billy Patterson forgot that I'd have him arrested for every Sunday he's been open these years and years. He better keep still, I tell you."

Mr. Arnold was waxing warm. He was asked about the root beer charge.

"It was good root beer I tell you," he said, "I put lots of hops in it."

"Was it intoxicating?"

"Well—it—might—affect—a weak-minded person."

On the way to the railroad station it was seen that the crowd in the street had increased, and people stood in doorways. At Will Bartow's bakery the man in the door said:

"Say, let him try to get in next Sunday. We'll see."

He referred to Reynolds. Two or three doors further on a citizen on his door step asked:

"Did ye get their pictures? Soak 'em, I say, soak 'em!"

A little further on another citizen whispered:

"Don't mention my name, but Deacon Silliman keeps boarders, and his wife has to cook on Sunday for them."

Then another citizen whispered:

"Have ye got all of old Arnold's record?"

Another said:

"Say, Raymond did paint that wagon a Sunday." Another added:

"Did anybody tell ye about the time Raymond kept a livery stable and let horses on Sunday."

At the depot a crowd of a dozen stood around and one man said:

"He's wasting his time living. He ought to be dead."

Another said:

"We'll play baseball in front of the Methodist church next year," and everybody else said something else.

The assertion was positively made that if the law was enforced on next Sunday everybody who rode in a carriage would be arrested, and a particular effort would be made to catch Dr. Greer and the other New Yorkers.

This is because they are supposed to have money, and if they should be arrested they would be able to wield a greater influence to break down the law than any local citizen. If they, or any of them, should leave New Canaan it would mean a clear loss of cash, and that would strike everybody.

There would be no pumps to fix for city people, no city customers for root beer (Mr. Arnold says, by the way, that he has stopped manufacturing it), and it might even touch the Deacon and the corn he didn't sell. The town people will have spies out as well as the law officers.

TO BE TRIED FOR SWEARING.

Young Ward Berry of Hackensack to Be Arraigned To-day.

HACKENSACK, Aug. 16.—Ward G. Berry, a young law student in the office of William M. Johnson, will be placed on trial before Justice M. W. Heath to-morrow morning on a charge of publicly uttering "loud, profane, and indecent language" in the presence of Constable Michael Breen and sundry other citizens. The affidavit was made by the constable to-day, although the offence is alleged to have occurred on Aug. 10.

The constable says that on the evening of that day young Berry was acting in a disorderly manner at the merry-go-round, among other acts alleged being an effort to pull girls from the seats. The officer says that when he remonstrated Berry became abusive, whereat he was ejected from the grounds, the removal being expedited with the propelling power of Constable Breen's right foot. For this indignity young Berry had the officer placed under bonds for assault and battery. The constable's action against the law clerk is looked upon as retaliatory. Young Berry belongs to one of the best families in town. He is a member of Company G, Second Regiment, and other organizations, and has an excellent reputation. The effort of Constable Breen to place him in the category with "Swearing Jim of Oakland" has created lively interest.

SCOTCH LASSIES WIN DEGREES.

Two Young Women Graduate in Medicine from the University of Glasgow.

For the first time in the history of Scottish universities, two young women have received the degree of Bachelor of Medicine and Master in Surgery. The young women who have had the honor of leading the way in this distinction are Miss Marion Gilchrist of Bothwell and Miss Alice Lilian Louisa Cumming of Glasgow. The

MISS ALICE CUMMING.

University of Glasgow granted their degrees at the graduation ceremony held on July 26.

Both of these young women have studied in Queen Margaret College, now the woman's department of the University of Glasgow. Three years were spent in the arts and four years in medicines, their clinical work having been taken in the Royal Infirmary and Sick Children's Hospital. As the University degree in arts was not at that time open to women, Miss Gilchrist took in arts the general certificate of Queen Margaret College. She now appears on the University graduation lists as the third in rank of the six candidates who took the degree of M. B. C. M. "with high commendation." There were sixty-one graduates, of whom five took honors, six high commendation, eight commendation, and forty-two passes.

MISS MARION GILCHRIST.

Queen Margaret College was founded in 1883 by the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. In 1890 this college added to its faculty of arts a school of medicine for women, organized on university lines, and with the view of preparing for university degrees. The first two young women to receive this degree were heartily congratulated by a large assembly.

WILL THEY EVER LEARN?

A Letter Which Goes to Prove that Girls Are Not Yet Up to Baseball.

The hopeful masculine enthusiasts who sometimes assert that the sweeter half of humanity is learning baseball lore must have exceptional instances to base this belief upon. The real truth is probably indicated by the darkling confusion expressed by the girl writer of this genuine letter relating an experience at a game:

"* * * I don't know very much about baseball, but I can't say it is altogether my fault, for last week my brother George took me to a game. George is nineteen, with all the profound contempt of woman's reasoning powers that goes with that unripe age, and of course an enthusiastic baseball crank. I had won his approval by cleaning a spot in his best waistcoat, and to show his appreciation he said I might go to the game with him. I had never seen a game played, and on the way to the grounds he was good enough to try to give me an idea of what it would be like. We arrived, took seats in the grand stand, and George, after nodding to several of his fellow enthusiasts, whom he drolly described as 'rooters,' commenced a critical comment on the form of the two teams, who were scattering a ball about on the grounds—to warm up, George said. Why any one needed any warming in that sun he did not explain. After some minutes of this preliminary I was given to understand that the game had commenced. At least, the men had stationed themselves about the ground, and the pitcher was in the middle, wriggling about the little square allotted to him, and rubbing the soles of his shoes on the sand like an acrobat about to do an unusually fine turn.

"George had been sitting quietly, and had already pointed out the different players and described their duties, when suddenly he rose in his chair, commenced howling orders to the players in the voice of a Comanche, and finally sat down looking like a thunder cloud. The most astonishing part of it was that all the men about were howling just as loud as George. When I could command his attention I asked him what had gone wrong and which player was to blame. He was about to answer when something on the field caught his attention, and up he was again, stamping his feet, clapping his hands, and shouting: 'Good boy! Good boy!' Then he turned to me and exclaimed: 'Wasn't that a beauty? Did you see the whiskers on it? No use talking, Van is a corker! He'll show that wooden Indian in the other nine what pitching is!'

"The game seemed to have stopped a moment, but the audience were all cheering and stamping. The men on the diamond were grouped around some one to whom they all seemed to be shouting, and who, George told me, was the umpire. Then a man put up a card on the blackboard with some figures printed on it. The pitcher who had won George's approval sat down, and the wooden Indian took his place. I then learned that one inning had been made. The second was very much like the first. I ventured to ask George a question or two while he was leaning over the chair in front of him, making very audible and not very complimentary remarks about a player, but he only frowned and growled at me to 'shut up.' I really was not enjoying myself very much. I had no idea George could be so surly, and although I kept very quiet, and didn't ask half the questions I should have liked to, I had a growing conviction that he was sorry he had taken me there.

"The climax came when the 'Wooden Indian's' nine were a point ahead of the 'Corkers.' A 'Corker' was at the bat, and had just hit a 'twirler,' which George excitedly assured me was good for a 'three bagger.' 'Run for it! Run, run. There, he's made the second. Slide, slide you baby idiot! Slide! Just in by gum! Why don't you apply for the job of driver on a street cleaning cart? The pace would just suit you.' And George sat down with a long drawn 'Oh' indicative of his agony.

"'What did he do, George?' I asked in the baseball game since, and I haven't dared to suggest that nice boys sometimes take pleasure in escorting their sisters about to field sports."

THE SUN A NOTABLE EXCEPTION.

Dr. Buckley Protests Against Newspapers that Stir Up Anarchy.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., Aug. 16.—The lecture yesterday, which awakened the greatest interest and no little comment, was that by Dr. James M. Buckley of New York, whose subject was "The Assassination of Kings and Presidents." After referring at some length to the great historic assassinations, from that of Xerxes to President Garfield, and even later, to that of President Carnot, Dr. Buckley entered a vigorous protest against the teachings of many newspapers and many preachers, who are doing more to stir up anarchy, he says, than all the lawmaking power can do to stop it. He referred specially to THE SUN as a notable exception among newspapers, and commended its policy in relation to the late Pullman strike troubles. "There are too many doctrinarian Anarchists in the churches," he declared. "They stir up anarchy, and anarchy leads to the assassination of some one whom the aforesaid community is